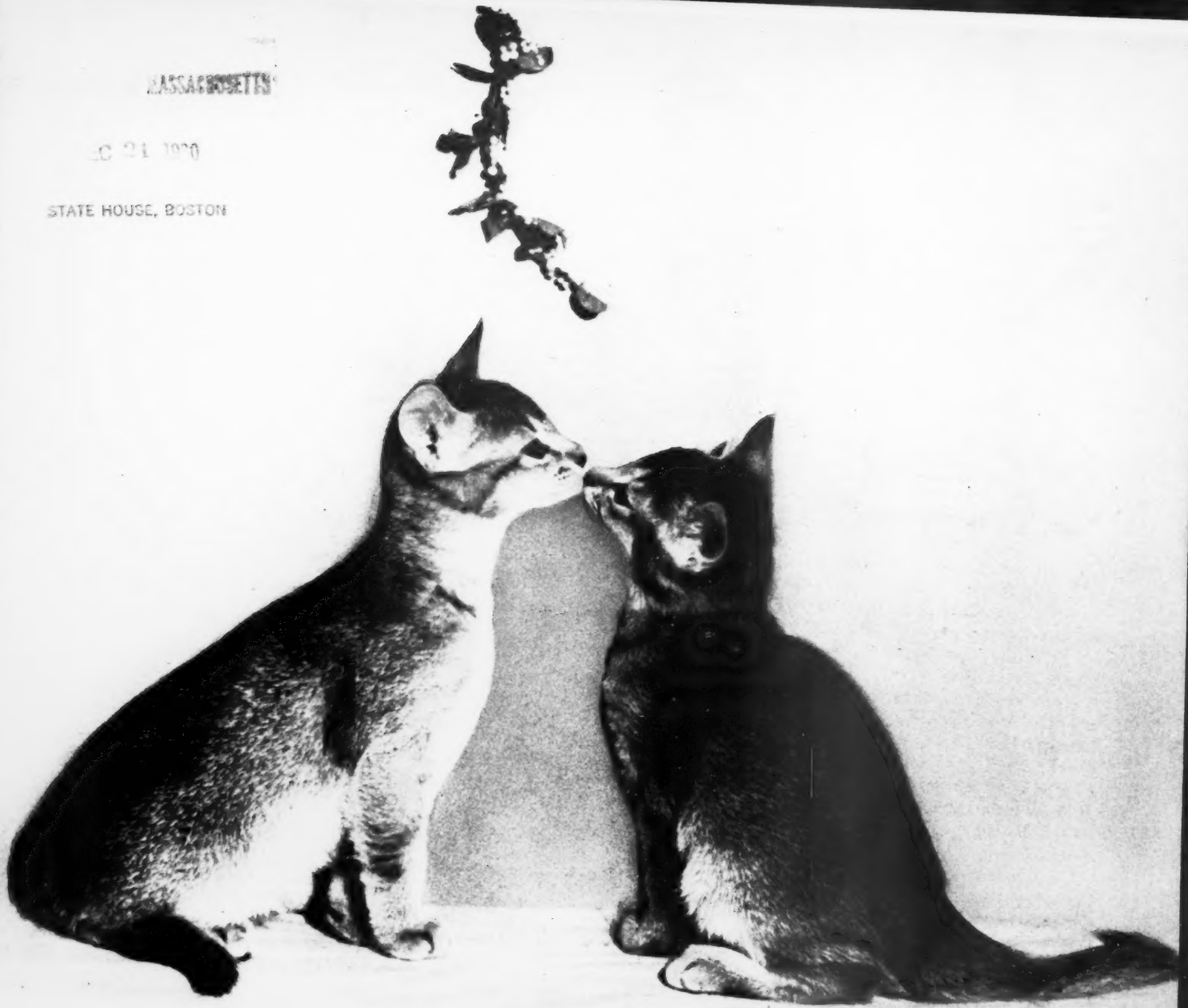


OUR DUMB Animals

MASSACHUSETTS

DEC 21 1970

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON



"MERRY KISSMASS"

Photo by Silvio Zanetti



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★

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Christmas—1960

IN SPITE of wars and rumors of wars, Christmas still comes and goes with its story of peace on earth, good will to men. More than once, over fields of battle, silence has fallen as the sun has gone down on Christmas Eve. So violating all for which the spirit and teachings of Him born in Bethlehem of Judea has seemed the strife and hate of war, that men, feeling the unseen but appealing presence of the Prince of Peace, have refused to desecrate the hours that recall His birth.

To all our readers may there come this Christmas of 1960 a goodly share of the joy and pleasure we wish each other on that day.

That these are days that try men's faith in the ultimate triumph of all that Christmas has meant for the world, we do not doubt. But through darker days than these, men have kept the faith and unnumbered millions again this Christmas will re-affirm it. So may we with them "Lift our eyes unto the hills whence has come our help . . . to that high region where above the mists and clouds surrounding us, the will of God, silent, patient, sure, is reigning."

E. H. H.

Santa Claus Is Coming to Town!

By Alma L. Jones



"Yes, my animal friends, Rex certainly deserves his gifts this year."

Gift-Opening Time Is Almost Here!

DON'T forget to put a present under the tree for our four-legged friends. There's no fooling them, because they know we're Santa Claus' helpers and at package opening time they're as full of anticipation as the children. Maybe they can't read the name tags but they'll find their presents without hesitation. A nice juicy bone may be better given outdoors. Their own box of candy and a ball are just as much fun as a bone oftentimes. Dogs

love to unwrap their own surprises and an audience makes it more exciting. I admit our dogs get carried away and try to show to us how to do a better job of taking the paper off our gifts, too, but by that time they're only mildly disappointed not to be allowed to. The rustle of tissue and untying of bows fascinates them until lured away by the good smells of the kitchen.

I never knew that a meat grinder being taken out of the cupboard had a different



"Here he comes now!"

sound from any other gadget I used, but before I could begin to pop the giblets in for grinding I'd have alert spectators. Any other time they'd get all the giblets and knew it. Still, Christmas dinner is special because tidbits from the turkey go to them at their mealtime. I always hope as I carefully put the bones in the garbage can that other dogs everywhere aren't being fed those splintery things as a treat.

Every once in a while the dogs smell the tree and then remember the light bulbs are a little hot. Not that they'd forget their manners in the house! Then they check to make sure there are no personal gifts they have overlooked. Each opened box has to be sniffed gently to see that all is well. Did you ever notice that dogs observe any new object in the room quicker than anyone else in your family?

As they allow us to put red ribbons around their necks just to humor us, we give them an extra hug and feel sorry for people who aren't owned by dogs. We hope that no one will give a puppy as a Christmas gift unless he is positive that the dog will receive the love and care he so needs. That's all it takes to make you feel like Santa Claus every day of the year.

"Yes, this is mine!"



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Do-It-Yourself

By Bob Barton, Mgr.

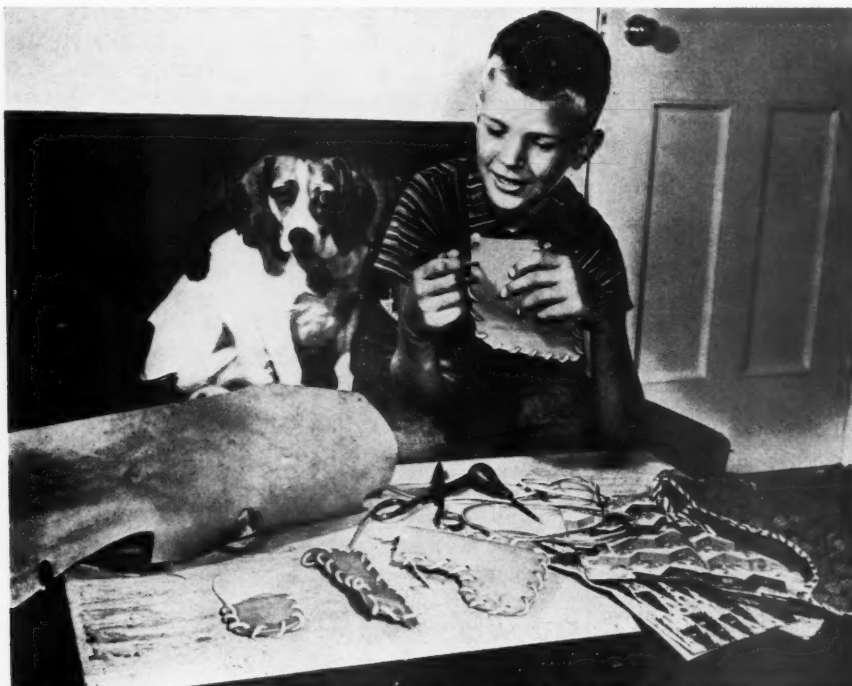
The personal touch is appreciated.

THE SMALL fry are generally busy this time of the year compiling a list of Christmas gifts they're going to make or buy for everyone in the family. Always included on this list is the family dog, for he gets as excited opening presents as they do. There are right and wrong presents for dogs as there are for children. Rubber toys, for example, unless they're the hard and indestructible type, should be taboo. A piece of rubber, if swallowed, may cause a serious (or fatal) intestinal blockage necessitating major surgery. All but large knuckle bones should be taboo, also. Small bones can splinter or lodge in the throat.

So what should the youngsters give their pets or their friend's or neighbor's pet for Christmas? Leather toys are safe and fun to chew on and can easily be made at home, thereby sparing the already strained piggy bank and providing a project for post-homework hours. A couple of old inner soles or some pieces of leather which

cost but a few cents at a leather findings store, some leather shoe laces and an assist from you . . . and the youngsters are in business. If the leather is thin, cut out a couple of bone-shaped pieces with scissors. If the leather is thick, you'll probably need a knife. Using an ice pick, punch holes through both pieces a quarter of an inch from the edge and a quarter of an inch apart. Now the youngsters can take over and lace the two pieces together with the shoe lace. No need to stick to the bone shape. . . You can cut circles or little boots, leaving the top of it unlaced so that it can be filled with dog goodies. An even easier gift to make is a tug-of-war toy. Get one of Dad's or Junior's old belts, cut off the buckle, punch a hole at the edge where the buckle was, and secure the two ends of the belt together by lacing a leather shoe lace or thong through the punched hole on the one side and the belt notch on the other side.

Just as children love to find candy canes on the tree, dogs, if they could talk, would probably tell you they'd love to find something in the food department under the tree. Youngsters can have fun devising different ways of packaging dog biscuits. If there's a red net stocking left over from last year, it can be filled with dog biscuits. Small pliofilm bags filled with goodies can be tied with bright ribbon and make a gay-looking-under-the-tree decoration. Don't tie them to the tree, for if the dog scents them and makes a grab, the tree is apt to topple. A good size knuckle bone, that's been cooked and had the fat and gristle removed, makes another good gift. It is suggested that the children wrap their pet's gift, for the majority of dogs love to open packages. A dog biscuit enclosed in each package is as good as a name card, for one sniff will tell them which presents are theirs.



Even Fido will want to help out.



Eaton Cromwell

Right Dog for You

By Edita Delfosse

HAPPY partnerships between an owner and his dog depend more often than not on the choice of the breed.

Although, of any breed, a puppy is appealing and cuddly, eventually it will mature into an adult individual. To ensure a successful man-dog partnership a little forethought given general breed characteristics will pay dividends later.

For instance, the business man or woman will want a sensible dog; one that does not throw a tantrum every time he is left alone. The outdoor person prefers a virile, active dog; impervious to a change in the weather. Older folks like something quiet as well as a dog with clean habits. They want a pet that needs the minimum of exercise, and this at a more or less leisurely pace, and one that is easily controlled. A nervous person should not own a highly-strung dog nor the apartment dweller one that is forever bursting with energy. For that someone wanting just a 'background' dog to play with the children, to guard the yard, to take pot-luck as it were, a tough insensitive breed is the best.

Any partnership can be successful only by the way of mutual understanding. Therefore when you choose your dog—if there is to be a choice at all—choose one that will suit you temperamentally.

Having adjusted themselves through countless centuries to man's way of life, dogs preserve little of their own original independence. In the course of time they have adopted human peculiarities as well as weaknesses. They feel love and hate; they are quarrelsome and jealous. Dogs also possess integrity and an acute sense of humor and justice. But these characteristics vary with each dog as with each person.

Highly-strung sensitive breeds, e.g., the German shepherd, the

Collie, the Doberman Pinscher and others, are extraordinarily susceptible to rebuke, ridicule or neglect. They may attach themselves to one member of the household only. Others, e.g., the Dachshund, Cocker Spaniel and some of the Spitz varieties, may adore every one in the family. Terrier breeds are naturally aggressive while hounds, as a rule, are docile and very obedient.

These different characteristics peculiar to certain breeds—and there are too many to mention them all—might be termed idiosyncrasies and, as such, they do not matter. But once recognized, they should be guided into the correct channels by proper training and understanding. If a certain breed's desire for spiritual oneness with one master cannot be accepted, it is better to get a dog that will be quite happy as long as it is provided with a reasonably sheltered existence. Most psychological 'kinks' in dogs can be smoothed out. A wrong partnership—the wrong dog for the owner—may spell disaster. The dog is miserable; the master becomes disturbed and impatient. Unless one is perceptive of shades of character, one should not own more than one dog.

A highly intelligent dog is similar to a precocious child in that both tend to be temperamental and moody at times. This must be realized and well understood when choosing a breed. Good dogs are good naturally. Bad ones are usually made so by incorrect handling due to ignorance of the animal's emotional and mental make-up. Lack of patience and understanding have marred many a dog that would otherwise have been all right: in the right hands.

So-called vices can frequently be traced to human thoughtlessness, even cruelty. Dogs do not become psychological misfits of their own accord; they are a result of negligent ownership.

First Homecoming

By Harry Miller, Director

Gaines Dog Center

So now you have a puppy of your own!

Many years of fun
and happy companionship
lie ahead provided you
start off right . . .

THE PUPPY looks to you for the comfort and protection he felt with his mother and litter mates. Everything is new to him, so he may not be very frisky or playful at first. He must have time to get acquainted. Too much fondling and petting will only confuse him, so let him make his own advances. It may be several days before he feels completely at home. Treat him gently—loud noises and sudden grabs frighten puppies—and he can be permanently injured by rough handling.

Always lift the puppy by placing one hand under his chest and your other hand under his hindquarters. Don't let him dangle. Teach the children in the household how to lift him, and warn them against dropping, squeezing or teasing him. Remind them that the puppy is not a plaything but will be their playmate after they have won his confidence.

If the puppy has been sent from afar and arrives in a crate he will very likely be nervous and upset by his trip. If he needs it, clean him off with a damp cloth and then dry him and leave him alone until he has a chance to settle down. If you take him home from the kennel in your car, have a ventilated carrier. Put him in it gently and if the trip is smooth he may even sleep on the way to his new home. If you don't have a carrier, hold him on your lap or close to your side so he won't jounce about. The motion may make him feel queasy, so be prepared for drooling with a cloth spread beneath him.

Have a place ready for him. His bed should be a draft-proof box or basket placed in an out-of-the-way permanent spot where he can feel secure . . . don't confine him to a damp cellar. Put a little fence of some sort around his corner of the room, with newspapers spread on the floor. He'll have enough exploring to do there.

Respect the puppy's right to be undisturbed whenever he seeks his bed for a rest and when he is eating his meals. Talk to him. He won't understand a word at this point, but your friendly tone of voice will help to give him confidence. He will be irresponsible, just like a baby, for some time to come. He can't tell you what to do, but you can set the pattern for his life so he will thrive and grow and learn.

December, 1960



Out of the Past



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Vol. 1 Boston, Dec., 1868 No. 7

The First Snow Came

THE first snow came. How beautiful it was, falling so silently all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead! All white, save the river that marked its course by a winding black line across the landscape, and the leafless trees that against the leaden sky now revealed more fully the wonderful beauty and intricacy of their branches.

What silence, too, came with the snow, and what seclusion! Every sound was muffled, every sound changed to something soft and musical. No more trampling hoofs, no more rattling wheels. Only the chiming sleigh bells, beating as swift and merrily as the hearts of children.

Beautiful Swiss Custom

THE horn of the Alps is employed in the mountainous districts of Switzerland not solely to sound the cow call, but for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the valleys, and its last rays are just glimmering on the snowy summits of the mountains, the herdsman who dwells on the loftiest peak takes his horn and trumpets forth — "Praise God the Lord!" All the herdsmen in the neighborhood take their horns and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour while on all sides the mountains echo the name of God. A solemn stillness follows; every individual offers his secret prayer on bended knee and with uncovered head. By this time it is quite dark. "Good night!" trumpets forth the herdsman on the loftiest summit. "Good night!" is repeated on all the mountains from the horns of the herdsmen and the clefts of the rocks. —*Boston Journal*.

You neither Sow nor Reap



St. Francis in effigy on the Noble estate at Henley-on-the-Thames, England

ST. FRANCIS of Assisi loved all animals and birds. It is said that the dog, the wolf, the rabbits, the pigeons, the fishes, and the birds turned to him for protection, and he took their part, righted their wrongs, treated them fairly and kindly as his own little sisters and brothers.

Tradition says that, going towards Bivagno one day, he lifted up his eyes and saw a multitude of birds. He said to his companions, "Wait for me here while I preach to my little sisters the birds." The birds gathered around him and he spoke to them somewhat as follows:

"My little sisters, the birds, you owe much to God, your Creator, and ought to sing His praise at all times and in all places, because He has given you liberty and the air to fly about in; and though you neither spin or sew, He has given you covering for yourself and little ones. He

sent two of your species into the Ark with Noah that you might not be lost to the world. He feeds you, though you neither sow nor reap. He has given you fountains and rivers in which to quench your thirst, and trees in which to build your nests. Beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to praise the Lord." As he preached, the birds opened their beaks, stretched out their necks, and flapped their wings, and bowed their heads to the earth. More than seven hundred years have passed since St. Francis of Assisi blessed the birds and the animals and called them his "little brothers and sisters", and since that time there have always been some good men in every age who have tried to soften the hearts of their fellow-men towards their brothers in fur and feathers, and to impress them with a truer conception of their rights.

Bird Watching

Courtesy of Sunshine Magazine

LET us go "looking" for birds! In each of the following sentences is hidden the name of a bird. See if you can locate each bird's name. Then check your answers with those at the bottom of this page:

1. She put a card in a little envelope.
2. We crown the May Queen.
3. The plumber came with a wrench and other tools.
4. He will rob in a hurry if he gets a chance.
5. He has a beagle hound he calls Cap.
6. Dover is a lovely town in Pennsylvania.
7. So now let us hurry home.
8. Pshaw, Karl, it is no use.
9. He lost rich fields of corn in the flood.
10. In America, nary a man should fear to stand for the right.

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Christmas Shop the Easy Way!

See back cover for
convenient order form.

Don't miss our special Xmas offer!

BIRD WATCHING (answers to problems on this page): 1. Cardinal. 2. Crow. 3. Wren. 4. Robin. 5. Eagle. 6. Dove. 7. Owl. 8. Hawk. 9. Ostrich. 10. Canary.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



First Dog Shepherd

By F. B. M. Collier

MANY are the Christmas legends handed down through the centuries concerning various animals that have played such prominent parts in the Old and the New Testament.

One ancient story concerns an eastern shepherd, named Andrew, who, in his life of tending sheep on the hills of Judah, found no need or use for dogs. One day he and his small son came across a lone and forsaken puppy. Instantly, the child pounced upon the wriggling, little furry mite of friendliness and pleaded at once:

"Oh, father, do let me keep him."

For some time the anxious boy argued against the man's stout protest that, to them, a dog was a mere extra, without advantage to anyone. But, finally, the eager lad's plea for love and kindness prevailed,

and the little stray was taken to their humble home, where he became a much petted and beloved comrade to the whole family. "Silvis", the little dog, soon disproved Andrew's contention, by lending skillful aid in minding the sheep, and growing in stature and usefulness.

Finally, one strange night, as the shepherd and his son watched their flocks upon the heights, Sivils became quite excited, running up and down, sniffing and whining, as if he sensed some extraordinary presence. Neither father nor son could pacify him, and the former grew alarmed when they could find no cause for the dog's peculiar uneasiness.

Then, suddenly, a crashing noise fell upon their ears, a light burst forth, and they heard the singing of the angelic choir,

and the heavenly voice announcing the birth of the Christ Child. Sivils at once seized the great flowing cloak of his master and dragged and pulled at it so impatiently that, finally, the dazed and bewildered shepherd took his son by the hand, and blindly followed the urgent haste of the dog, down the hill and along the road to Bethlehem, until they came upon the entrance to the manger.

Father and son went in and Sivils pushed ahead joyfully and hurried to the side of the Holy Babe, who reached forth a hand to welcome the animal visitor. When the dog was removed the Holy Babe wept loudly, so the dog-pilgrim was brought back and he, who had taught a Judean shepherd the value of sheep dogs, made for himself a new home in the comradeship and protection of the Holy Family.



Photo by Marge Baldwin

What's this — a new member of the family for me to play with?

Do you suppose Santa Claus forgot that catnip mouse I asked for?

Photo by Vic and Gladie Russell



Pets Have Fun



Why on earth did they have to tie the



Would you rather have this than that ball and new collar and leash?

un on Christmas



Photo by Louise Van der Meid

have to tie that bone so high up on the tree?



Eugene Favret, of West Roxbury, Mass., explains to his dog, Spot, about Christmas.

Caught in the act of helping the family dismantle the Christmas tree.

Photo by Gaines Dog Research Center



I wonder if I'm the only one interested in that turkey?



Tommy, the Talking Cat

By Elizabeth Norris Hauer



A. L. Schoenl

TOMMY was a beautifully marked cat. He was the most talkative cat I ever had. (I was about to say "owned", but who owns a cat?) He would continue a conversation as long as he could get me to participate. I have often been laughed at for talking with animals and birds, but it is a rewarding experience which I thoroughly enjoy.

When Tommy was about a third grown, he came to the office where I worked. He was forlorn and hungry, and, since I had charge of the company cafeteria, I gave him some cream, and the engineer fixed him a comfortable box near the heater, where he slept soundly until I was ready to come home. He was very unhappy during the seven-mile drive in the car, but delighted when I put him down in the yard when we arrived at our destination.

One morning a very unfortunate thing happened when we backed the car out of

the garage. Tommy was under it and we ran over him. We always looked to make sure he was not there, but he evidently came after we had checked. We rushed him to the veterinary hospital. The doctor said he would keep the cat overnight, and make a thorough examination to see if the damage could be repaired.

When we called to bring Tommy home, the doctor assured us that he would be entirely well again in two weeks, and he was. The only difference I was able to detect was that, contrary to the way of male cats, he always avoided, rather than encouraged, a fight with another cat. He sometimes even resorted to climbing a tree, under the mistaken impression that his opponent couldn't climb. I suppose he felt that he had never regained the necessary strength for a real battle.

Tommy had been with us for several months, and my husband and I were de-

voted to him. Then one day, when I was ironing in the garage where my laundry is located, Tommy came in and started to "talk". He "meowed" in several different keys, stopping occasionally for me to interject a remark or a question. Unfortunately, my understanding was not as complete as Tommy thought it was. He "talked" for a long time, possibly ten or fifteen minutes; then still not quite satisfied, he walked to the open door, looked back and said a few more words and finally went out to the street.

That was five years ago, and I have never seen him since. Was he telling me that he was leaving? Did he have foreknowledge that some accident would befall him — or was he thanking me for past favors and kindnesses? I will never know, but I do know that there was something very specific in his mind that he tried to make me comprehend.

She Understood

By Dana Brookins

One Mother Helps Another Mother.

OUR anniversary party was going great guns despite the bleak night outside. Suddenly, while the record player was changing, someone said, "Shh, a cat's crying."

It did indeed, sound as though a cat might be trapped under our house. My husband investigated. "It's not a cat," he declared on returning, "there's a big shepherd out there and she's just had a litter of pups." He went on to explain that the dog had burrowed under a bush. "It's too cold for them out there, but every time I get close, she snaps."

Our guests took up the challenge gaily and one by one tried to coax the dog out. Each returned defeated. The dog was prepared to do battle for her newborn. We were all pondering the dilemma when a small voice said, "I haven't tried yet."

We turned as one and stared at the speaker, a young mother-to-be, extra-defenseless looking in her pink smock. Before we could protest, she disappeared out the door. Within three minutes, she was back, clutching a small, damp, brown ball. "She didn't even growl," she said shyly.

My husband and our friend (he couldn't get near the dog without her presence) spent the next few minutes carrying pups to a blanket on our service porch. When he returned for the eighth and last and the mother, he found the pup dead. When he reached for it the mother bared her teeth and looked at our pregnant young friend.

In the fresh rain the girl buried the puppy beneath the bush. Satisfied, the dog followed my husband to the rest of her family. Maybe it was only coincidence or our friend's soft voice. But I choose to believe a mother reached out for help to the one person she felt understood . . . another mother.

42nd Annual School Poster Contest

Write: THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY
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Boston 15, Mass.



Keystone View Co. — N. Y.

Blackie

By Lynn Martin Orszag

*Blackie was a reindeer
Who pranced and danced all day,
He teased the other reindeer
And sometimes got in their way.*

*At Christmas time he always sang
As loud as loud could be,
He thought it was a lot of fun
To shout so merrily.*

*"I'm just a happy reindeer
And I'm Santa's right hand boy,
Perhaps I'm not so very smart
But I'm always full of joy."*

*"I sing each morn at breakfast
Before it's time for grace,
Yet always I'm the very first
To wash my hands and face."*

*"I'm a happy, happy reindeer
It's the only way to be,
If you will sing while at your work
You'll be happy . . . just like me."*

*"Now my paws are often black with ink
From answering Santa's mail,
But that's all right so long as I
Keep ink from off my tail."*

*"My tail you know is stubby,
And ink on it would mean
I'd have to stretch my neck a lot
To see if it were clean."*

*"I sometimes wish I had a tail
That hung down to the floor,
For I cannot look behind me
The way I looked before."*

*"I help to pack the Christmas toys
That Santa gives away,
To little children everywhere
On Merry Christmas day."*

Christmas Animals

Legend and Custom

By Jewell Casey

•

The three Wise Men set forth on their journey to Bethlehem, following the guiding Star of the East.

•

AT no season of the year, throughout the entire world, do animals play such an important role as during the Christmas season. This is due, no doubt, to the fact that various animals were present and played a very vital part at the Nativity.

The Shepherds, watching their flocks of sheep and goats saw the star in the East

and pointed it out to the Wise Men, who followed it on the backs of their camels. A mule carried Mary upon its back before and after the birth of the Christ Child. On journey, Joseph took with them a goat so that Mary would be provided with milk to drink. Sheep, symbol of gentleness, were near the manger at the birth of the Holy Infant.

Here in the United States certain mythical reindeer take the spotlight of attention as Santa Claus' faithful friends, but in other countries various animals come in for their share of attention.

In certain sections of Syria, the Magic Mule is believed to be the deliverer of gifts to good children on Christmas Eve. While in southern Syria, where camels are more common than mules, "The Gentle Camel of Jesus" distributes the presents.

In Belgium and Holland, according to legend, St. Nicholas rides a beautiful grey horse when calling upon the children. No child will go to bed on Christmas Eve until hay, water, carrots and a potato have been set out for the faithful horse.

In Momazlica, the children believe if they obey their parents, they will get to see the "Golden Pig" on Christmas Eve, and afterward they receive gifts. This Golden Pig is caused by the lights and shadows reflected by the candles at the Christmas table.

In Spain, all cattle are shown special

consideration by having extra food and warm shelters. Here it is believed that the cattle breathed their warm breaths upon the Infant Jesus to keep him warm. Another odd belief in this country is that ants hold a special service on Christmas Eve.

The animals, cows and horses, sheep, pigs, dogs and other animals are particularly well-cared for at Christmas time in Norway. Not only is it a pretty, but a humane custom to erect Christmas trees for the wild birds. This is done by binding a sheaf of grain to the top of a pole and setting it up where the birds may feed upon it.

It is customary in England to place a spray of holly on each bee-hive on Christmas Eve, because according to an old legend, bees hum a carol honoring the Christ Child just at midnight on Christmas Eve.

In the ancient duchy of Swabia, girls tell their fortunes by blindfolding a goose, and the girl to whom it goes first will be the first to wed. While Bohemian girls depend upon a barking dog to tell them from which direction their lovers will come.

In old Russia, divinations were an important part of the Christmas festivities. One of the favorite ways of telling fortunes was by placing five piles of grain upon the floor, and giving them names such as: Hope, Ring, Money, etc. A sleepy hen was brought in and allowed to select a heap of grain. The girl standing behind the pile of grain selected by the hen, knew whether she was to have wealth, marriage, etc.

In the Tyrols, at the conclusion of the midnight carols, some of the singers whistle like birds, so that the feathered choristers will not be forgotten on Christmas.

A chirping cricket on Christmas Eve is a good luck omen for the person in whose house it is heard, according to an odd belief of the English. And, in order that the insect will be sure to sing, sugar and meal are mixed together and placed where the cricket will see it. After feasting, it is almost sure to sing most merrily.

There are countless tales and customs concerning animals and Christmas. If your country or your particular tale or custom was not mentioned, please take the time out to send it to: Animals: Christmas Legends & Customs, Att: Mr. Governor, Asst. Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Thank You.





By the Watering

Places of Jerusalem . . .

By Ben Berkey

At the Pool of Siloam, goatherds still bring their flocks for watering

PEOPLE in the time-honored lands about Jerusalem have always valued their animals, not only for the material wealth which they indicate and bring into the household, but also because of a primitive sense of companionship.

In the old Biblical days, goatherds and shepherds led lonely lives as they watched diligently over their prized flocks as the animals grazed in the lowlands and hills far from home. Surrounded as each herder was with his wards and lonely except for their bleatings, his intimacy with these animals blossomed into a sort of camaraderie. Indeed, it was not a rare sight to see some young goatherd, under a star-lit sky, serenading his flock with a melody from his flute.

Poor, indeed, was the family in Jerusalem that did not possess at least one goat, for such possession amounted virtually to life or starvation. It was a fact that a family could actually live from the products of a goat. Goat's milk was a favorite drink of every member of the family.

In modern times, there is little change

from this way of life—goats are still important to the daily life of the family. Some of the goats give as much as three quarts of milk per day, a milk that is extremely rich and nutritious. Products supplied for the household by the goats are hair, from which cloth is made, meat, milk, and cheese. Also, of course, the hide of goats makes a high grade leather, its use dating back to Biblical times.

The long-eared, black and white, and brown and white goats are much more agile than their not too distant relations, the sheep. These goats usually are seen in the forefront of flocks of sheep and it is from this that the saying has originated, "Be as the he-goats before the flock."

It is the children of these families of Jerusalem who took after the young goats, or kids. They all love their animals, not only because they are taught the importance to the entire family, but because the kids, in themselves, are playful and loveable. The children make pets of them, and carry them in their arms, much as American children carry their dolls.

In historic Bible times, the goatherd and his flock would tarry at a pool of water, and he took care to see that his valuable charges quenched their thirst before moving on. Today, water still flows from the Pool of Siloam, at Jerusalem, as shown in the picture. The pool is strewn with remnants of a church built in the fifth century by Empress Eudoxia. In constructing her church, she located its high altar over the place where a tunnel enters the pool. Here it is where Jesus told the Blind man to wash and from which he "came seeing" (John:9:7).

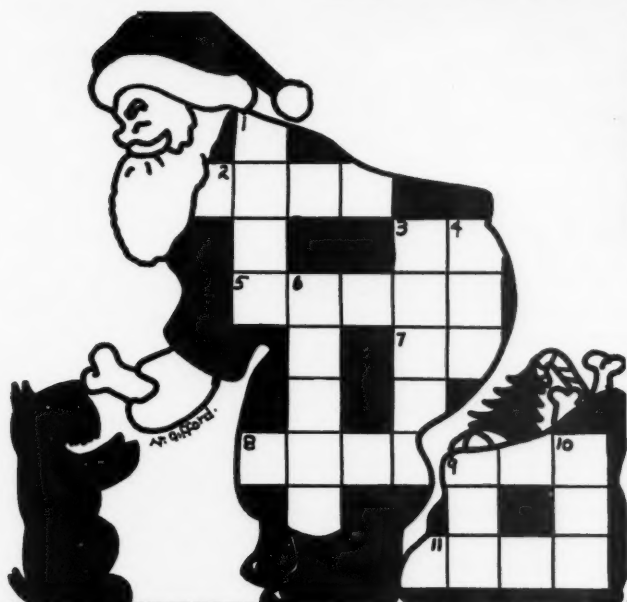
The watering places of Jerusalem remain today as in the past. Goatherds tend their flocks, hovering over them as a mother over her infant, with full realization as to their value, for is it not said in Proverbs (27:26, 27):

"The lambs *are* for thy clothing, and the goats *are* the price of the field.

And *thou shalt have* goats' milk enough for thy food, for the food of thy household, and *for* the maintenance for thy maidens."



Merry Christmas to all readers from the Staff of Our Dumb Animals



- | ACROSS | DOWN |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 2. A MALE. | 1. DRUM. |
| 5. LESS. | 3. HOLLY. |
| 7. NOTE IN MUSICAL SCALE. | 4. AN AGE IN HISTORY. |
| 8. A SMALL HORSE. | 6. TURTLE. |
| 9. SUN. | 9. MALE CHILD. |
| 11. FROZEN RAIN. | 10. AT THE PRESENT TIME. |

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ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE: Across—2. Tree, 3. He, 5. Minor, 7. La., 8. Pony, 9. Sun, 11. Snow. Down: 1. Drum, 3. Holly, 4. Era, 6. Igloo, 9. Son, 10. Now.



Dear Santa

By Betty P. Raynor

I've been as good as I can be;
I've tried to make my Pup be good.
But he's so little, don't you see,
He doesn't act the way he should!

Please bring him a Christmas present, do;
I think by then he will be better.
I guess he wants to tell you, too,
'Cause now he's pulling

at
my
letter!

FOLLOW THE DOTS

FOLLOW THE DOTS
ALL THE WAY
IF YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW
WHAT SANTA HAS TO SAY.



No Alarm Clock Needed

By T. H. Caldwell

ALMOST every family owns an alarm clock, but not many have the distinction of owning an alarm cat. We happen to be one of those fortunate families, if we can be called fortunate. Sometimes, we wonder why it had to happen to us.

The cat in question is a regal tortoise shell, wearing a queenly necklace of light fur with a yellow jewel at the throat. We call her Pepper.

When she first came to us, a frisky half-grown kitten, we taught her to awaken the members of the family each morning. Now she believes it her civic duty. She's a stickler for promptness and routine. Nor does it matter if it is a day of rest. We must arise at reveille.

She follows the same procedure each day. As soon as the master of the house is heard moving about, she commandeers the boy's room, loudly berating them for their laziness. Her cries move them promptly because from previous experiences they know their fate if they do not heed her warning. Then she moves on to our daughter's room to woo her from sleep with more gentle urgings, artfully using diplomacy to get the desired results.

When she's sure the rest of the house is awake, she turns to me. My husband has called me while Pepper was attending to her other duties. Being a sleepyhead, I snatch a few more winks until Pepper takes over. She springs on the bed with soft little cries, I cover my head. Persistently, she digs her way underneath the covers, for she must make contact with bare flesh in my case. Once in position, her rough tongue send shivers up and down my spine. She continues the treatment, occasionally adding a gentle nip. At last, exasperated by my inertia, she gives me a nip that sends me bounding out of bed in a hurry.

An alarm cat may be novel, a rare specimen. Yes, perhaps we are fortunate to have one for we do love her dearly. But personally, I'd rather awaken to soft sweet music and not the demands of a dictatorial cat.



Reference Fund Report

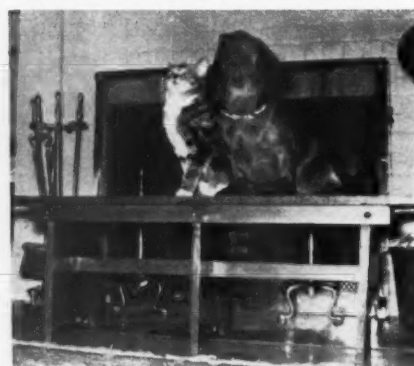
YOUR response to the appeal for our reference fund has enabled us, The American Humane Education Society, to obtain several volumes up to this time. We have, therefore, made some progress on the list of books compiled and thought necessary for the efficient operation of our Daily Information Service.

With such a good beginning we earnestly hope your support will continue until such a time that our library will be second to none in support of the cause of animal welfare.

Project Braille

THANKS to the generosity of almost two hundred readers, members and friends, the goal for 1960—to put OUR DUMB ANIMALS into braille—will soon become a reality. The copy for the first braille edition has been given to the printer. Arrangements are now being made for the proper distribution to repositories including homes, schools, libraries, and training centers for blind children and adults. The distribution will be nationwide and will follow a lending library plan: each year the braille editions sent to the original repositories will be called back and new editions sent back. Then those braille editions that have been returned will in turn be re-issued to new repositories added to our original list. All editions will be sent free of charge and the only obligation is that the receiving school or library must promise to surrender their braille edition in lieu of receiving a new edition to replace it each year. Watch the pages of this magazine for further news on the progress of Project Braille.

Readers on Review



PUFF and FERN were born in July 1955. They have been inseparable companions since. Here you see them awaiting the arrival of their master who is going to hang up their Christmas stockings. —Sent in by Fred Ladd of Mass.



THE stockings were hung by the chimney with care as "Red" awaits the coming of old St. Nick. —Sent in by Cathleen D. Halloran of Mass.

The Inn Keeper's Cat

By Ulrich Troubetzkey

The cat climbed into the blazing night,
Along the palm's elliptic stem;
A speck in overwhelming light
To prowl the roofs of Bethlehem.

Midnight was chill, so he crawled back
By the Inn stable, where he knew
Warm creatures slept, but through the crack
Strange radiance made him pause and mew.

A man as splendid as a King,
Opened the door and let him in;
He saw the gold, he heard them sing,
His fur got prickly on his skin.

He could not hum the hymns he heard,
Nor mumble prayers, but in caress
He tiptoed to the child and purred,
And rubbed against His Mother's dress.

—Saturday Night Review, 1948

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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